

George is a Brat, but is loved

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George is a Brat, but is loved

by [FourWings](#)

Summary

George struggles to let go of liking Sapnap and Dream, but they make it impossible for him to that. George breaks down during a scene, but in the end things are better than before. Also, laser tag.

George shivered slightly as a pair of serious green eyes and liquid black eyes stared at him intensely. "George, what's your safeword?" Sapnap asked.

George rolled his eyes half-heartedly, trying to not show how anxious he was. "Red." He answered calmly, the goosebumps crawling across his skin was the only indication that he was even nervous.

"And if you want us to slow down but not quite stop?" Dream asked, leaning forward a bit.

George's nose twitched in amusement as both of them started to look more like hunters with the hungry look entering their eyes.

"Yellow. Can we start please?" George whined, seeing a bit of amusement flare in Sapnap's eyes at his antics.

Notes

Alright, extra warnings. This chapter tackles Parent death, attachment issues, and George makes very bad bdsm choices that are harmful. There will be a more detailed note at the bottom, this is just to warn people before diving in that there are heavy topics and if those are triggers, read carefully or not at all. <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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"George, you know how important this is to che--"

"And we've done it now, so can we get a move on?" George couldn't get enough of the fire that welled in Dream's eyes when he toed the line for bratting, and his jaw would clench and he would strike fast like a viper, poisonous words and promises would drip from sinful lips and drown him.

So he couldn't help but smile the moment Dream's hand moved to twist into his hair and tip his head back harshly. "You are such an impatient bitch." He hissed while Sapnap draped himself across Dream's back to stare the Brit down, wearing a lazy smirk.

"Georgie, don't interrupt me when I'm talking." Sapnap drawled playfully, knowing exactly what George was trying to do.

"Don't take so long saying it then." George bit out, only getting a wider grin from Sapnap as Dream tugged his hair hard enough to make his eye water at the sharp pins of pain. "Fuck." He whined softly, sounding more indignant than anything.

"Listen, Brat then you can have your fun, got it?" Dream growled against his neck and made George shiver, but he was finally silent.

“It’s important to check safewords, especially since this is our first true scene together, and I want to make sure you also have a word if you want us to stop or to slow down.” Sapnap explained gently, reaching out to cup George’s chin and holding him delicately, a sharp contrast to the harsh grip Dream had him in. “Now let’s try this again. What are your safewords?”

George knew well enough when to quit, and he knew he was already going to be punished for it sure enough. “Red means stop, yellow means slow down. If you are choking me, doing this means stop.” He said with a slight sneer, faux defiance bold on his face while he moved his index finger and thumb together in a circle.

Dream let his hair go, George feeling winded at the sudden sparks of pleasure-pain, and gliding his hand down the back of George’s neck and pulling him into a kiss, rough and full of teeth making him squirm. “Was that really so hard?” He asked mockingly as they parted, his grin wicked and making George want to scream for more.

George went to open his mouth before he was pulled into another kiss by Sapnap, this one longer and deeper, finding himself unable to pull away if he wanted to. “Good boy, but you still need to be punished for misbehaving earlier.” Sapnap added as he pulled away and George already felt like floating.

“I didn’t do anything.” He protested weakly as Dream started to tug his shirt and pants off, not offering resistance physically while Sapnap stood and began removing his shirt.

“Not even you believe that.” Dream said dismissively, tsking in amusement. “George, you aren’t even wearing underwear?” He couldn’t help the amusement that snuck into his tone. The Brit made an embarrassed face, now looking away as red filled his face.

“I-I um-” He stuttered, thoroughly embarrassed as Dream let out the softest chuckle before leaning in and grabbing the others chin and pulling his attention back.

“Breathe George, I think it’s cute.” He said with a wink, smirking as George turned an impossible shade of red and licked his lips.

“Dream, you always make him so red. It’s not fair.” Sapnap said, now by George’s ear, taking over so Dream could set himself up. George huffed in mild annoyance, the red slowly dying down as Dream stood up and stepped away. George went to watch him, but the raven to his right reached over and pulled him into another passionate kiss that brought George’s stomach into his throat. “At least I can get him to make the cutest noises.” Before he could process the words, Sapnap dug his teeth into the space just below George’s ear.

“Fuck~” George moaned, squirming as Sapnap gently nibbled and sucked the sensitive spot. “Sapnap~” Wicked lips grinned in amusement before moving down and repeating the juncture of his neck, making him keen.

“Such a good boy.” Sapnap mumbled in a low tone, shifting his hips forward enough for George to feel how hard he was already, the Brit groaning at the feeling. Sapnap reached down, letting his fingers ghost over the brunet’s rapidly rising cock, delighting as the other shuddered against him with a lewd groan. “Did you want something?” He teased, amused by the intoxicating mixture of eagerness, embarrassment, and slowly bending pride as the boy fought himself for words to get what he wanted.

“Touch my dick please...” George mumbled, looking away. Sapnap briefly thought about allowing it, his grip getting more substantiation around the brunet’s cock, before deciding it would be more fun to force better obedience.

“That's not how we ask for things, Brat.” Sapnap reminded and gently nibbled along the boy's Adam's apple making the boy make a huffy moan.

“I can't look at you when you're in my neck.” He said with expected defiance. Sapnap chuckled against his neck and pulled back to give the other the opportunity to ask properly. George wasn't expecting the quick response from the other and blushed before biting his lips. “Can you please touch my dick, Sir?” Sapnap loved how much tamer his voice was the second time around...but it wasn't there yet.

“Am I not doing that right now?” He asked, squeezing briefly and watching the boy bite back a wail.

“PLEAse stroke my cock Sir!” He nearly shouted with a strained expression. Sapnap hummed in approval against his neck, George melting into him again as he gave a few short pumps before sighing longingly into the brunet's neck and pulling his hands off. George whined in obvious confusion, turning to look at Sapnap. “I asked the right way, why'd you stop?”

Sapnap gave him a smug smile. “Well Dream is ready now, Brat, and you do need to be punished for mouthing off earlier.” he answered, glancing at Dream who had been watching the scene with feral desire from the opposite corner of the bed. “He's all yours babe.”

George turned back to look at Dream, the heat in his stomach flaring at the expression he saw. “Come on, Brat.” Dream called, keeping his tone hard. George got up before Dream shook his head. “Crawl across the bed and get across my lap. I didn't realize I had to spell it out for you.” Dream added derisively.

George swallowed, biting his lip as his pride wrestled for control to spit insults at being made to crawl, even if it was across a bed. Dream noticed the hesitation, but waited to see what George would do for a moment before issuing a check. “Color, George?”

Nervous brown eyes met his concerned green, but George's jaw set resolutely and he knelt on the bed, feeling his ears burn red. “Green... I just am not used to... submitting like this I guess.” He said quietly, wanting to look away from eyes that set him on fire but unable to look away.

He nearly jumped as a gentle hand ran from his shoulder blades down to the small of his back and stopped. “If it's too much, you don't have to.” Sapnap said as he pressed a kiss to the rigid boy's temple as Dream nodded in agreement.

George exhaled shakily and bit his lips, nervousness welling in his gut before forcing it away, knowing the pair would make it worth his embarrassment. “Green, I'm fine.” He said firmly before slowly crawling across the bed, watching the hunger and pride in Dream's eyes well up as he made his way over, finding it hard to ignore the sharp prickles of shame that lit up his skin.

It wasn't until George got to right in front of Dream did he realize the other was still fully clothed while he was naked. Something about it made his skin prickle in a pleasant way, but with an expectant gesture from Dream he draped himself over the blond's lap, extremely grateful for the pillow under his thighs and elbows for support. “George, you are amazing.” Dream whispered so tenderly, and George wanted to turn back and see, but he knew it would rile up the emotions he wanted to push away. George wanted to feel good, to *feel* and nothing else, to be out of his own head as long as he could.

“Thank you Sir.” Was his breathy reply, reaching forward and grabbing a pillow in front of him, pulling it to his face, not so much to cover it but as something to grab. Dream had half the mind to take it from him and watch the boy scrabble into the sheets once he started, but didn't have the

heart to do so after seeing the brunet bend his pride to do as Dream asked with no further encouragement. Dream hissed as his cock strained against his pants in response to his thoughts, placating himself by letting his left hand rest on George's ass, not missing the other flinch in suspense while he gently rubbed a circle with his thumb.

"Can you tell me why you are here Brat?" He asked, bringing his tone back to sternness, giving his full attention to the boy as Sapnap moved to sit in front of the pair, wanting to watch the boy fall apart under his partner's hands.

"Bratting." Sapnap let out a raspy laugh, but not interfering as Dream sighed in mock disappointment as he was glad the boy was still putting up a bit of a fight.

"George, you know the longer you fight me, the longer we sit here and nobody touches you right?" Dream asked, digging his fingers in enough to get a gasp before running his hand down and gently grazing the spot he had bitten a week prior. He admired with a sick sense of pride that it had begun to scar, and that his mark on the boy forever. *Down boy.* he thought to himself, noticing Sapnap was giving him a smarmy grin, guessing what he was thinking while he stared at the scar and trembling thighs. "So I'll ask again." He snapped his green eyes to watch the back of the boy's head, reaching out to twist George's head to the side to see his expression. "Can you tell me why we are here?"

George squirmed, feeling exposed and nervous, yet grateful for the pillow he clung to that he buried his face into. George's breath hitched as Dream tangled long fingers into his hair, twisting it to the side and allowing him to see the calculating and ravenous look in the other's expression. The brunet swallowed harshly, feeling like he was about to be destroyed. "Because I was trying to rush you and Sapnap through safewords." He answered meekly, cheeks burning red already.

"Good Brat." Dream said, but his tone wasn't sweet as much as it was expectant. George jerked as Dream brought his hand up and down firmly on the center of his ass, mostly surprised by the sudden action. "Can you tell me why that is bad and why you are being punished for it?"

George's mouth felt dry and he swallowed roughly, letting himself process the action briefly before deciding he needed to keep going just to make sure he liked it or not. "Because if we aren't sure on safewords, I could get hurt, and so can you guys."

Another hit landed on the left side of his ass, making him jump again, only slightly less. Even still, Dream firmly grabbed his hips and dragged him back firmly. "You can squirm, but do not move off my lap." Dream said brusquely, and George shuddered.

"Yes Sir." The blond gave a pleased noise at his response and the thumbs started rubbing firm circles into the afflicted spots.

"George, color?"

"Green." He said quickly, watching the desire flare in green eyes at his response.

"Sapnap." Dream called out. "Do you want to see his face while I do this?"

Sapnap gave a lazy hum, slowly stroking himself watching the scene but wanting to last until the end. "I would love to. George, turn to look at me please." He cooed, watching with delight to see red cheeks from embarrassment as the boy looked at him and whined softly. "You look so pretty, being so red." Sapnap's smirk turned devilish as he gave a teasing stroke of his cock. "I just can't wait to see both of your cheeks being red."

Dream snickered, hands stilling. "I think that's a severe offense, so I'm going to go until I think you are pink enough." he warned, waiting for anything to signal the brunet in his lap wanted to stop, relishing how his skin writhed at the statement. "I want you to count them, otherwise there will be hell to pay."

"Yessir." George rattled quickly, blushing at the stare he was getting from Sapnap while he stroked his cock. He went to close his eyes to find some brief peace before Dream's hand really came down, harder than before. George shouted and squirmed, the sting hitting hard.

"George." Dream said testily. "What number was that?"

"One." He said with a thick rasp, feeling the pain ebb into pleasure, yelping as he was hit again, on the opposite cheek this time. His tongue felt so big in his mouth as he struggled to process the pleasure that followed before he remembered to speak. "Two."

Dream hummed his approval, delivering another hard slap to George's ass, watching how wonderfully his skin held onto the pink color. "You sound so wrecked, and I've hardly done anything." Dream chastised. "I'm not sure what I expected from a slut like you."

"Three, fuck!" George shouted, the stings piling on top of each other. "Thank you."

Another harder smack. "Thank you what?"

George whimpered at the next hit. "Four, thank you sir!" George yelped out, barely keeping himself still as Dream's large hand came back down again and he squirmed violently. "Five, thank you sir!"

Dream snickered before pulling George back by his hips, shifting slightly so the Brit could feel his clothed erection on his stomach. "Stop moving Brat, take your punishment and then you can have fun."

"Yessir." He muttered, leaning into the hands rubbing gently at his ass, the sting fading away. He only felt relief for a moment before Dream started up again, faster than before and no softer. "Fuck, Six, thank you sir!" He hardly had a moment to breathe in when the next hit came, both cheeks were stinging now and his eyes started to water. "Seven, thank you sir."

Sapnap drank in the sight before him, watching the pair losing themselves to their pleasure while slowly stroking his cock, stopping a few times as he started to build up to a premature orgasm. "You are so gorgeous like this George." Sapnap finally said, seeing the tears starting to build in beautiful brown eyes blown with pleasure. "Submitting so beautifully for Dream and I, what number are you on now Brat?"

George shuddered, nearly screaming as a hit landed on his upper thigh, the sensation different and painful in a different way. "Fuck~" He whined brokenly. "I'm on 16 sir." George's skin was on fire, every hit only adding more fuel and he was climbing higher on the smoke it made. "Sir, I'm so hard."

"I can feel that, but I'm not done with you yet." Dream said with another harsh hit to the boys thigh, watching with satisfaction as the skin went a deep pink. "So sit still and be good, but you don't have to count anymore."

"Thank you Sir." George breathed out, fingers digging into the pillow under his chest while he stared at Sapnap with watery eyes, the other groaning and holding the base of his cock. George yelped as Dream went a little lower, only slightly overlapping his last hit on the leg before

alternating to the other. “Oh my god.”

Dream shivered in pleasure at George’s sounds, letting his thumbs press down on the hotspots. “So good for me, staying still like a good little slut.” Dream cooed, drinking in the sight of the other boy trembling in hands.

“Dream, fuck its so good.” George groaned as he felt himself getting lost in the pain and pleasure, hands flexing as his eyes shut.

Dream growled at the sight, delivering a short series of brutal slaps a bit further down until the skin turned a vivid shade of pink, staying just above the healed bite mark, watching George scream as a few stray tears trickled down his face, looking as if he were in ecstasy. Sapnap shivered and pulled his hand off his cock, not able to hold back if he kept going.

Dream started rubbing slow and gentle circles into George’s back while Sapnap moved forward to take the crying boy's face into his hands, using his thumbs to stroke the boy’s cheek tenderly. “You are so hot like this.” Sapnap whispered softly, keeping his eyes on George as he slowly came down.

“Sapnap.” George croaked after a few moments, staring at the other intensely and pleadingly.

“Yes, little Brat?” Sapnap asked, only barely avoiding calling him ‘my brat’.

“Please, fuck me.” His voice was quiet and shy, and Sapnap knew it would still be a while until he would ask for things in anything louder than a whisper. He chuckled softly, hoping to be the one to peel that layer back for George, before pulling him into a kiss while wiping the others tears off.

“You are so good asking the right way, you even looked at me while asking.” Sapnap praised, watching flushed cheeks pink up slightly as George bit his lip nervously. “Dream, what do you say we indulge him?”

Dream hummed as he pet George’s brown hair tenderly, trying to give the boy a moment to let his ass cool down. “Let me know when you are ready to move, and I’ll get up so you can get comfortable.” He said to George, not wanting to rush the boy.

“Now please.” Dream groaned at the boy's quick and needy answer, wanting to pull the Brit’s brown hair and drag him into a harsh kiss until he was squeaking in that needy voice of his. He abstained, helping the brunet get into a half decent sitting position that wouldn’t aggravate pink skin as he shimmied out from underneath, hissing at how hard he was from lighting George’s ass and thighs up.

George loved and hated how weak his knees and body felt, grateful that Sapnap and Dream were helping by moving his body for him. Not unlike before, George found himself laying on his stomach which pillows there to support him. However, it was Sapnap behind him this time, gentle hands caressing his pink ass as he warmed the lube up in his hands while Dream was getting undressed.

George felt like he was going crazy with the soft touches and kisses pressed against the sensitive and still hot skin, grateful for the distraction that was Dream who sat down in front of him, shifting to have one leg on either side of George’s head with his cock easily within George’s reach.

The blond ran a hand through George’s hair, the action more tender than before as the Brit leaned sweetly into the touch. “I can’t tell what I like more.” He finally said, the hints of a smirk touching his lips. “You leaning into my touch like this...” he trailed off with a final run of his hand through

the other's hair. "Or this." He then grabbed brown hair tightly and pulled, watching brown eyes go wide as a whimper escaped his throat. "Which do you like, Brat?"

Sapnap, who was listening to the interaction intently, started pressing a finger at George's entrance, watching with fascination as it twitched from the slight pressure. He waited a moment, genuinely curious about the boy's preference.

George felt a whimper at the back of his throat, smothering it quickly. Dream was staring at him expectantly and George felt so small seeing hard, flinty green eyes staring down at him. "I like them both." He answered earnestly, continuing quickly as he felt the hand starting to tug his hair harshly from his lackluster answer. "When it's you two, I don't care... it all feels good." George felt the tanned boy behind him exhale shakily at his answer, while Dream's grip softened briefly. A word wasn't spoken until the Brit gave a breathy gasp when Sapnap inserted a finger in achingly slow.

"Hey, Brat." Dream called out in an annoyed tone, George looking up and making eye contact once again. "While he stretches you open, you should be able to suck my cock at the same time."

The brunet gave a small grin, most of the earlier shakiness wearing off, before moaning softly as Sapnap started to move his finger in and out slowly. "Yessir." He said reflexively, moving his hand forward to start stroking Dream's cock when the others tightened his grip in George's hair.

"I said suck, not touch." George moaned a bit louder, the rumble in Dream's voice making his cock twitch against the pillow.

He braced his elbows in the bed and his hands on Dream's thighs, staring the others cock reverently. He licked the tip, moving slowly and teasingly knowing it would irritate the other while moaning softly from Sapnap's frustrating slowness. Dream allowed him a few seconds of teasing, eventually pulling his hair harshly in warning. Finally George gave in and took Dream halfway down the length of his cock, watching green eyes go wide in shock and fingers relax enough to splay across his head.

"You are such a brat." Dream muttered, knowing George had done the light teasing at first just to get a reaction when he did this. "Such a fucking brat." George had the audacity to smirk up at the other. Dream gave a more frightening smirk back, letting his hand cup the pale boy's chin. "You really shouldn't tease me, Brat. It'll never end well for you." He said before firmly gripping the boy's hair tightly and shoving himself down to the base, moaning and pulling back out after a second to admire shocked brown eyes that were now only slightly red. "If it gets too much, tap my thigh, not squeeze." He murmured quietly, giving George a way to communicate while he fucked his throat.

Sapnap couldn't help the snicker that escaped his throat, it was so amusing watching the pair dance around each other fight to get an upper hand, George always managed to pull something that surprised the blond. He knew the brunet had been ready for a second finger for a short while now, but he enjoyed hearing the boy pant and make soft whines while he took his time. Finally he added a second figure, watching raptly as George's hole twitched and slowly stretched around his two fingers, the boy himself shuddering but not making loud sounds since his mouth was preoccupied.

"Dream, how does his throat feel?" Sapnap asked, sparing a glance to see the mentioned boy was flushed down to his neck, his freckles dark spots highlighting his cheekbones before spattering down randomly, only really stopping at his shoulders. "You are so fucking hot when you're close." Sapnap moaned, making Dream blush darker before smiling slyly.

“Wet, I think maybe even better than his other hole.” Dream teased, not missing the whine that escaped George’s throat as his eyes closed from the vibrations traveling through his cock. “Whatever you did, do it again.” He rasped, pulling out of George’s mouth to hear the sound unmuffled.

Sapnap raised an eyebrow and crooked his fingers in the exact same way, just as gently as before, watching the shudder that wracked the boy’s frame and moaning with him as he heard the needy keen that George made. “Found it faster than you did.” Sapnap taunted with his own smirk, seeing the flash of jealousy that crossed the blond’s face. “How does that feel, Brat?” Sapnap took the time to rub the spot once again, the touch still light and not *enough*.

George moaned louder that time, sounding more whiny at the third light rub over his prostate, wanting Sapnap to do more. He had half the mind to say so, but Dream had put his hands in his hair once again and started guiding his cock back to George’s mouth. George was grateful for it all, it kept him out of his thoughts and forced him to be in the moment where Sapnap was slowly pulling him apart with his fingers and Dream fucking his mouth vigorously. Here was *perfect*.

Dream gave a strangled moan as George nearly screamed around his cock. Green eyes looked down to see Sapnap had added a third finger and instead of moving them or spreading them apart, he was pressing them downward and watching the boy writhe in pleasure. “Sapnap, babe.” Dream started, entranced by the visceral reaction. Sapnap smiled at Dream, pulling his fingers apart and spreading while George quickly pulled his mouth off of Dream.

“More, please!” George said, voice rough.

Dream shivered but grabbed the boy’s chin, noticing the shudder that ran through George’s body when his fingertips rested on the top of the boy’s neck and smirking at the reaction. *He can’t wait to be choked*. Dream thought with a flash of arousal. “Not this time, Brat.” He couldn’t help the softness in his voice, watching the boy deflate slightly. “Sapnap wants to take his time to stretch you out, so why don’t you finish this to distract you from how much you want his cock inside?” The words had an immediate effect, watching brown eyes refresh with lust and the frustration melting away.

Dream sighed in relief, feeling the boy working up and down his cock again. *His mouth is too fucking good, he’s almost as good as Sapnap*. The blonde thought happily, reaching up with his free hand to push his sweaty hair back. “Your throat feels so fucking good.” Dream mumbled in praise, not entirely his thing, but watching the light in the other’s eyes at it made his stomach warm.

Sapnap hummed at seeing Dream was getting close to his limit, deciding he had enough fun stretching the sweet boy between them before pulling his fingers out, holding back a smug sound as his hole desperately tried to keep them in. “He really is a good little slut.” Sapnap said softly with affection, squirting a bit more lube into his hand before giving himself a few strokes to slick his cock up. He pressed the head against George, watching in amusement as he tried to back himself up onto it. “Dream, I think he has something to ask for~”

Dream glanced up at the other, smiling smugly and pulling his cock out, proud and surprised George hadn’t signaled for a stop yet from the throat fucking despite the frequent breaks. “Sapnap please fuck me.” George spat out quickly, looking over his shoulder with a needy whine. “Please!”

“How can I possibly say no to that?” Sapnap asked rhetorically, pushing his head in and watching the British boy moan at the action, hands tightening around Dream’s thighs.

“Oh fuck, thank you so good oh fuck so big.” He rambled, some words bleeding together as Dream

decided he had waited long enough, forcing George's plump lips back onto his cock with a moan, the airiness telling Sapnap that Dream was exceptionally close.

This guy really gets us there so quickly. Sapnap thought, knowing if he didn't start slow, he would be finished before he could wrap a hand around the boy's throat. The thought alone nearly made him cum as he thought about shiny brown eyes staring up at him as his breath quickened and "Fuck." Sapnap groaned, buried to the base and already having to stop as his imagination got ahead of him. "You are so fucking tight holy shit."

Dream could only imagine what was running through his partner's head, but his strained moans gave him a good enough idea. "You hear him behind you? I bet he feels so fucking good inside you, stretching you out more than I did too." Dream growled as he started moving his hips up to meet George's bobs down. "You're such a good slut aren't you, taking my cock down your throat so well. I've been fucking it so hard and you are taking it so fucking well." George's moaning took on a fevered and frantic note when Sapnap started to thrust in slowly, and Dream couldn't hold back any longer. He pulled George's head back slightly, leaving only the tip in the Brit's mouth as he started to cum, hips shallowly thrusting as he finished.

The blond pulled his cock out, shivering at the lick to his tip. He reached for the boy's chin, tipping his head up with a demanding growl. "Swallow it now." He rasped, watching the boy's glazed eyes refocus on him with a hungry look of his own.

Last time, George hadn't been able to truly drink in how handsome Dream looked after an orgasm, not the same way he had with Sapnap. Dream was only slightly tanner than he was, but his face and chest were filled with a pink glow from excursion, his freckles standing out more and revealing they did in fact go down to his shoulders, some even looking like they made it down his back. George gave a whimper as green eyes quickly refocused from his orgasm to stare him down sharply and make a demand he had already planned on fulfilling. He only briefly thought about being defiant, but in the end swallowed with a moan as Sapnap gave a particularly hard thrust, his hole aching as it was stretched apart by Sapnap who was a bit thicker than Dream.

Sapnap managed to compose himself as Dream orgasmed, hanging on by a thread as he pumped back into tight heat. Sapnap wasn't bothering to hold George's hips, simply nailing him into the mattress and enjoying the whimpers and moans he got with each thrust. "You have to be close now Georgie." Sapnap muttered, bringing a hand up to the small of George's back, resting it there as he waited for Dream to reposition himself.

"So close, Sapnap please!" George begged in a voice a bit too quiet for Sapnap's liking, but the other had so little time before they both reached their limit. *We all need to work on our endurance, I don't want this to stop.*

The raven haired boy reached up, running a hand gently through George's hair, smiling as the boy when he leaned into the gentle touch with a content, if needy, sigh. "What do you want George?"

George was losing a battle with himself. It had been easy to not cum with Dream as the other had been holding his hips off the pillows and allowing no friction, but with each of Sapnap's hard thrusts his cock was ground into the pillows below him, bringing him maddeningly close to the edge of his orgasm. "Choke me please." He whimpered, wanting to feel the other's large hand wrap around his throat and throw him off the edge towards his orgasm.

"So good for me." Sapnap whispered so fondly George's heart could have broken. George was mildly surprised when the tanned boy wrapped his arm around his waist, pulling him up to be flush with Sapnap's chest as he made a particularly harsh thrust, a harsh cry escaping his ruined throat. Sapnap's other arm wrapped under his right arm before grazing his neck near his chin, feeling the

area gently, slowly spreading apart and stopping just short of his ears. "There it is." Sapnap whispered in his ear, giving it a nip. "Color check?" He asked, fingers resting on either side of George's neck, lined up with the major arteries.

"Green, Sapnap I swear to fucking god if you don't st-" George started to complain, not entirely sure what Sapnap was doing only that he needed him to hurry the fuck up, stopping as those fingers applied light pressure, George stopping as he started to feel slightly light headed.

"George, we're almost there. Can you be good for me?" Sapnap rasped and George took in how close he sounded, deflating instantly in his frustration.

"I'll be good, please I'm so fucking close Sir." George's voice was soft again, as Sapnap expected it would, and he felt fondness bloom in his chest. "Harder, more, please."

"As in fuck you harder, or more pressure?" Sapnap tried to clarify.

"Please" He whined and Sapnap grinned, kissing his jawline.

"Stroke yourself, I'm so fucking close Brat."

George complied, stroking with his left hand as Sapnap pressed down harder while thrusting up faster, making George see stars. It was so strange and oddly beautiful to him, he could breathe relatively fine yet he was lightheaded while Sapnap fucked him *so good*. "Please?" He croaked and Sapnap beamed in approval against his neck.

"Go ahead, cum for me." Sapnap said almost lovingly, snapping his hips forward one last time and cumming hard, George's moans and begging finishing him off.

George shook and moaned, the sound raspy and low as his orgasm shook through him. George could have sworn he was flying, his limbs felt weightless and so good as he finished, leaning heavily against Sapnap who pressed a long kiss to the boy's forehead. "So good for me George, so fucking good."

They sat together for a moment, George draped on Sapnap's chest while Sapnap shuffled into a slightly more comfortable position, waiting to hear Dream come back.

"He really shouldn't be allowed to be that hot y'know." He heard to his right, opening his eyes and smiling at Dream who caught the end of it with awe.

Sapnap beckoned Dream over, kissing the other tenderly. "But he is."

Dream chuckled, kissing back just as gently. "But he is." he agreed before lifting George gently and lying him down on the bed so they could clean him off while he came down.

The Brit took much longer to come down this time around, lingering in subspace since he wasn't ready to come down and push his murky feelings away, but eventually it came to an end. "I didn't know that was choking?" George said, suddenly realizing he still felt warm.

"That's the right way to do it." Dream muttered against his ear, all three curled up together already and under a thin blanket. "You don't really wanna press your palm across their neck, it could seriously hurt whoever you're choking."

George hummed, closing his eyes and tucking himself into the chest of whoever he was facing, wanting to be closer. "You actually just want to put pressure on the Carotid artery." Sapnap said, George realizing that was who he was tucked into as fingers very gently traced the said artery. "But

not hold them by it, that's why I had to take the extra time to pull you up and hold your waist. You're just too impatient and tried to hurry me." George flushed a soft red, huffing.

"You're too slow." He responded, unconsciously twining his legs with Dream's. "You both are too slow."

"Sure, we believe you. It's not like you just spent forever in subspace because of us going 'too slow'." Dream teased, setting his chin on the top of George's head with a soft fond smile.

"Shut up." Sapnap and Dream hummed in amusement, staring lovingly at one another while George closed his eyes and let sleep take him far away from the building anxiety in his gut that he knew would bubble over one day.

George stared at his neck in the mirror with mild dissatisfaction, only seeing 2 hickies on his neck. He turned slightly and craned his neck to see and admire that his ass had slight bruising from the spanking. *At least I'll feel that for a while.* George thought to himself as he finished drying off and dressing in clothes that he had brought for himself this time. George pulled at his hair a bit, debating on attempting to style it in his usual coif, but settled for running the towel through his hair enough to dry it before stepping out of the bathroom.

Unsurprisingly, he was the last one to wake up between the three of them, but that meant this time the other two were able to shower and he caught the last one. "What's the plan for today?" George asked, leaning against the island as the other two fixed another cup of coffee.

"Well, depends on you George." Sapnap answered, giving the other a warm look over the rim of his cup. "Do you have any projects that you put off until the last minute again?" Dream was grinning like a Cheshire cat from his place by the stove.

George gave an indignant huff, rolling his eyes at the pair. "Not this time." He replied. "It's due in 2 days, so I'll be doing it tomorrow." Dream laughed at that, pushing himself off the counter.

"Well, that's your life then. We cleaned this time, so come sit with us in the living room for a bit." Dream invited with a sly smirk, exuding confidence that made George weak in his knees.

Sapnap gave George a grin as well, stepping by him to follow the taller boy. "Fine, only because you didn't really ask so I can't *really* say no." George teased as he walked after them, setting into the couch across from the pair.

"So we know you're in classes with bad, what are you actually going to school for?" Dream inquired as Sapnap put back against Dream's side, pulling his phone out of his pocket and texting while listening to the interaction.

"Well, I'm actually majoring in Computer Science, but I really enjoy coding." George said, leaning back in the seat.

"That's right, Bad said you coded plugins for him to play right?" Sapnap asked curiously.

George nodded. "Yeah, nothing particularly useful though. Mostly small challenge shit for him and Skeppy to do."

"Like what?"

"I coded a plug in for making another player a bird."

Dream laughed loudly at that. "That's so useless, what's the point in that?" He asked.

George gave him a grin. “That it's useless. I mean the bird can't do anything but fly and hold 1 item in the hotbar. Do you know how hard it is to stay alive with that?”

Sapnap snickered, looking over at George with a smirk. “You should play with us sometime.”

George quirked an eyebrow, hearing an unknown implication in his voice. “What do you guys like to play?”

Dream smiled lazily as Sapnap explained. “Dream likes to play what he calls ‘minecraft manhunt’. Basically one player chases another player, one being the hunter and the other the runner, and you try to beat the game before you die.”

George gave a smirk in return. “That sounds so easy, are you guys bad or something?”

Dream laughed, the sound bordering on chilling. “Absolutely. In fact, Sapnap is so bad he only has done it when he has diamond armor.” He teased, but George wasn't completely convinced.

“Let's play that sometime then. If I win, you guys have to play my plug in with the bird.”

Sapnap sat up with a leer. “What if we both win?”

George hummed. “What do you want?”

The two exchanged a look before Dream answered. “I want to do orgasm control in the next scene.”

“And I wanna see how you like over-stimulation.” Sapnap added. George's eyes darkened and he blushed.

“Deal, but I'm going to win both, so be ready to be disappointed.” He replied haughtily.

The pair smirked and George got the impression he had already lost. “You two are scary when you look like that.” George said bluntly, ignoring the blush growing on his face.

“Sure~ You say that but you're red as a tomato.” Sapnap teased.

George blew over the comment. “What do you guys do?”

“Dream is a software developer, and I'm a web developer. We also occasionally stream, but that's mostly for fun. It doesn't seem to be going anywhere.”

George stared at them, surprised. “I'm surprised.” George responded slowly, getting a wry grin as Sapnap went back to leaning against Dream.

“How do you think we knew Bad?” George groaned, making the connection. “There it is, Dream look, his brain started working.”

“Shut up!” George protested, still pink as he stared fondly at the pair, pushing his walls back up around his heart frantically.

“Make me~” Sapnap challenged as Dream groaned and took on that challenge, kissing Sapnap firmly as the tanned boy smirked.

“You both are so annoying when you are not balls deep in each other.” Dream exhaled with a fond smile. “All you do is argue.”

“Do not!” They exclaimed at the same time, sharing an amused smile as Dream let out a louder groan.

“When do you have time to play Minecraft, Mr. responsible student?” Sapnap teased as he turned to glance at George.

George sat up straighter, a challenging stare being issued to Sapnap. “I have several hours, why not play now?” The pair grinned again, making George frown. “Seriously, cut that out!”

George grumbled, back inside his apartment. “I cant decide whats worse, the fact Dream really is a psychopath, or that Sapnap sounds like a fucking sexual psychopath!” He all but yelled, confused by how easily the former had killed him and enraged that Sapnap had caught him at the end of his run. The pair were giddy like children on Christmas day after they won, and George was left shaken that the pair had won so easily.

“You lost~ Georgie~” Sapnap had teased as he walked into the room George had been playing in.

“How! How! I don't even know how you managed to catch me and that was not 4 blocks to fall!” George protested despite the “You died” on his screen.

“Doesn't matter how, only that you lost.” Dream said in a singsong tone, smiling triumphantly.

“Don't even get me started on you. Honestly, you guys are so fucking normal until you get in this game and now I'm afraid for my life.” He stared accusingly at Sapnap. “You are just as bad as he is, yet you have been calling him a psycho.” Sapnap simply laughed, a clear and joyful sound that grated on George's nerves after he had lost, but softened as the other pressed their lips together.

“I never said I wasn't. Now George, you lost so you know what that means.” The brunet gave them a resigned look. “Don't pout, if you don't want to do those the next time we see each other we don't have to.”

“I do want to... I just hate losing.”

“Obviously.” Dream said, leaning against the doorway. “So what do you want to do now?”

George looked at the time and sighed. “I should probably go home. I still have to make dinner and maybe start working on my project.”

George flung himself onto his bed, shaking his head despite the warm feelings that wormed their way into his stomach thinking about the pair. “I'm so fucked.” He said aloud to nobody in particular, and gratefully only got silence in return.

George closed his eyes briefly, only opening them when he felt his phone buzz to alert him of a message.

Bad

George, are you busy Wednesday?

George flipped to his calendar app, checking and noting that he was actually free three days from now. *Just long enough to not feel too sore.* He thought to himself before texting a response.

Gogy

Not at the moment, whats up?

Bad

Want to join Skeppy and the rest of us for some Lazer tag? This new place opened up and I reserved an hour of time for a group.

Gogy

Sure, sounds fun! What time Wednesday?

George peered around the building, looking for a trace of Bad, muttering to himself about his friend's proclivity to be late to plans he made.

"Look at that, Bad roped you in too?" A familiar voice called from ahead of him. Brown eyes snapped up from the phone to see Dream and Sapnap making their way across the parking lot.

"Wow, if I didn't know better, I would say you guys are stalking me." George teased with a playful smile.

"Why would we do that when we already know where you live?" Dream asked affably, stepping onto the sidewalk where George had been waiting.

"Beats me." George's grin slowly slid back as he switched conversations. "I've been here for a while, but I'm usually early to places."

"We're usually late, but Bad wanted to make sure we were here on time for his time session." Sapnap added from George's right. "So he shouldn't be too much longer."

"It's probably Skeppy that's keeping them, he always has to make sure his hair is perfect." Dream grinned as Sapnap laughed in response.

Like the universe had been listening, an indignant scoff came from their left. "It takes time to look this good." Skeppy argued, throwing an arm over Dream and pulling him, the pair tussling briefly as Bad apologized for the tardiness, everybody brushing the apologies off as they walked into the new building that was covered in neon colors.

"So are we doing a free for all or teams?" George asked as the employee validated Bad's reservation.

"Why not one free for all and another team?" Sapnap suggested.

"I like that, should we do the teams first then while we all get used to it?" Bad asked, leaf green eyes perking up.

George, remembering how scary the Dream and Sapnap were when they were hunting him, felt a small chill crawl up his spine. He took a step away from Bad and them, smiling reassuringly. "I'm good with teams first."

Bad hummed in affirmment, Skeppy watching the scene with some mixture of amusement and surprise. "Bad, you have to be on my team." Skeppy announced with a flourish.

"Well duh, Skeppy." Bad said with a small chuckle, looking at Ixdee who was simply staring at them all. "I figured it would be us three versus them."

George relaxed slightly, grateful that he wouldn't be hearing the two calling his name through the building twice today. "Giving us the deadweight huh?" Dream asked with a humorous tone.

"That's not very nice." Bad said as George laughed, sticking his tongue out at the others.

“Yeah Dream, that's not nice to call Sapnap dead weight.”

“Hey! How did I get dragged into this?” Sapnap asked with mock offense, missing the surprised look on Bad's face at their familiarity despite only knowing each other for two weeks.

“Easily apparently.” George teased before the attendant came back, handing them the laser vests and giving the basic safety and instructions. The game was set up and the teams were released into the arena from two separate points.

“Alright George, Sapnap, lets-” Dream was cut off by Sapnap giving a loud war cry, matching by Skeppys from across the arena, before he dashed out. George couldn't help laugh at the sudden display, stepping out into the area. It was pitch black with all the walls outlined with flashing primary colors with neon paints splattered everywhere that were made bright from black-lights overhead.

The range had a section that looked to turn into a maze to the right, George noted he did not want to get stuck in there today, before following Sapnap to the left where there were man-made trees and bushes for cover, but was pretty open with small buildings scattered around.

“I was trying to make a strategy!” Dream grumbled after them, not that George or Sapnap offered him an ear to listen.

“No plans, just go around and shoot them. We have 20 minutes to get the most points.” Sapnap said dismissively, rolling his eyes gently at the man's competitiveness.

“Which is why I wanted to make a plan!” Dream said, not noticing how loud he was until his vest dinged and shut down for 3 seconds, signaling he had been shot.

“BULLSEYE!” Skeppy shouted from a few meters to their left, his bright blue sweater barely peeking out from behind a tree.

“Move!” Sapnap shouted, swinging around the tree and aiming at the blue haired boy who was moving back from the tree. Dream cursed before moving to a safer area while he waited for his vest to turn back on and power his gun up while George scanned the darkness, looking for the other two on Skeppy's team.

A brief flash of red caught his attention, and he turned to see a sliver of Bad's sleeve, noticing he was aiming for Sapnap while Skeppy had him distracted. George's eyes flashed competitively, realizing his team mates were idiots, before leveling his gun and flicking the trigger a few times to gauge where the pointer lined up, before nailing Bad in the chest and hearing the others vest beep. “Muffins!” Bad ‘swore’ before he looked at George with an annoyed smile before rushing off.

“George, get back!” Dream called a moment before George's vest pinged, signalling he too had been hit and was out for a few seconds.

“Dang.” he muttered and ran towards where Dream had called out from, both distantly hearing Skeppy and Sapnap laughing in the distance. “We gotta get out of here, it's too open here.”

“Oh NOW you want to plan.” Dream said with mild irritation, pulling the other by his elbow into the direction Sapnap had run off too. “Well let's try and rendezvous with Sapnap, Ixdee is hard to see cause all he wore is black so it's best to be out of the open area.”

“I just said that!” George protested, grateful for the dark arena as it covered the blush on his cheeks when Dream's hand moved down into his hand to tug him along.

“You suck Skeppy!” Sapnap yelled from their left, and they quickly changed direction while weaving through the trees into an area filled with drawbridges and small square cubbies to duck into.

“Shut up Sapnap!” Skeppy answered back, running past George and Dream and smirking.

“Sapnap!” Dream called, seeing the other standing there with a bright smirk.

“Finally you guys caught up, I was wondering what happened.”

“It's literally been 5 minutes Sapnap, and I saved your ass from Bad.” George answered in his normal fashion. “We gotta move, Skeppy knows where we are and Ixdee is a tryhard wearing all black.” Not a moment later George's vest went off again and he cursed, knowing without looking who had shot him before he scrambled behind cover to recharge while his two teammates moved around to get better positions.

“Do you see anybody?” Dream asked and Sapnap peeked around the corner, seeing a red laser hit the wall just in front of him making him move quickly back behind cover.

“We're pinned down.” Sapnap answered seriously, George now getting an appreciation for how competitive the pair was.

“Are you thinking what I am?” Dream asked only for Sapnap to grin.

“Probably, but I'll listen now.”

“George, scoot along the left. I'm like 90% sure Ixdee is hanging back there. I'll swing around and bait for Sapnap to tag Bad. If it all goes well, we should be able to at least leave this death pit for the rest of the game.”

George hummed, not wanting to reveal his positioning before starting to sneak around the edges of the walls, grateful his dark blue shirt wasn't too visible compared to Sapnap's white one and Dream's green hoodie. As he was moving, he caught a gleam only a few feet in front of him. George narrowed his eyes, making out Ixdee who was leaning against a window sill, able to aim without being in any real danger of being out himself.

What a fucking sweat. George thought to himself, taking more careful and quiet steps to get around the other, appreciative of the loud music playing over the speakers that helped to cover his steps. Finally he took aim and pressed the trigger, delighting as Ixdee stopped and cursed, looking around frantically before George laughed.

“Oh my god it would be you.” Ixdee said with no malice, shaking his head and making his way out of the death pit. George heard loud whoops come from the other side of the arena and George poked his head out to Dream and Sapnap celebrating despite Dream's vest blinking to show he was hit. George shook his head fondly, hardly noticing the warmth in his chest swelling as he made his way over.

“Out of the death pit everybody!” George yelled, already running to the exit and hearing loud thudding footsteps behind him as everybody agreed that was not the place to be.

“Lets run over to that maze area before time runs out.” Sapnap called excitedly, not caring if Bad and them heard where they would be going. A laugh bubbled free from George's throat as he chased after Sapnap, Dream following behind as they all dashed back to the main entrance and entered the maze.

“At least the hallways aren’t cramped.” Dream said after they ran into 3 different dead ends in a row.

“I hate mazes.” Sapnap whined.

“Why did you suggest it then?” George asked in amusement, taking a left at the next fork in the maze.

“It seemed like a good idea...”

“Sapnap, you don’t have good ideas.” George teased as Sapnap gasped.

“Wow, everybody just wants me for my dick and then makes fun of me after they get it.” He pouted before Dream laughed, shooting Sapnap a smug look.

“Sapnap, haven’t we established that George always has a comeback? Why do you fight with him so much?”

“Because he’s so annoying... but also because he blushes really cute when he gets embarrassed or annoyed.” George huffed at that, but feeling the blush rise to his cheeks at the comment anyways.

“You both suck and now we’re gonna be stuck until time runs out.”

“At least we won in points then.” Dream said as if it was the only thing that mattered.

A moment later the lights flashed on and time was announced, hearing a series of groans from in front of them, just on the opposite side of the wall. “Pog.” Dream said with a grin as they turned around to make their way out of the maze and back into the main lobby to select the next game.

“Alright so for the free for all, let’s just stick to the death pit, houses and trees. No hiding in the maze to be the last one up.” Skeppy was saying, obviously not a fan of the maze. Everybody voiced their agreements before heading back in, a 15 minute timer set for the last game and 1 minute being given to everybody to run away. George figured it would be best to hide in the residential area since nobody had spent too much time there to learn the layout, and it would give him the best vantage point to see everybody without being too exposed.

A loud air horn went off to signal it was fair game now, George barely making it into the building in time.

He waited a moment, checking to see if anybody had followed him when he heard footsteps outside the building. George quickly ducked down, holding the gun to his chest and waiting quietly. “George, I know you are somewhere around here.” He heard Bad say from nearby, still outside the building.

George started to shuffle towards the back of the building, figuring Bad was working his way towards the front. He stopped dead as he heard a second pair of steps and a shocked cry from Bad.

“SKEPPY!” He yelled as the other laughed.

“Got you!” The shorter blue haired boy taunted.

“You are such a muffin!” Bad continued to complain loudly, and George snuck a peak at the two noticing Bad had a smile with an odd edge to it.

Skeppy smirked. “Suuuure you say that but I got you.”

Bad made another noise of complaint before he eyes found George. Suddenly George understood what Bad was doing. The Brit barely held back a laugh, quickly shooting Skeppy and hearing the other shout in surprise. “You have to be fucking kidding me!”

“Language!”

“Bad why didn’t you say anything!”

“I have no idea.” Bad answered innocently enough, the loud pair walking away and leaving the space quiet once more. George exhaled and stood, ready to try and take out Ixdee at least before he heard angry French cursing from far away and assumed he had just been tagged as well.

George’s blood chilled slightly as he realized that left him with Dream and Sapnap in the arena. “What the hell!” George muttered, now wanting to get as far away from the building he had been in since he knew George and Dream would have heard the commotion and must be working their way over.

“Geooooorge~” He heard Dream call, the tenor making his skin crawl and smile nervously.

“Oh Dream~” He heard Sapnap also call out, partially relieved that they weren’t teaming.

“C’mon Sap, don’t ruin my fun.” Dream complained as Sapnap laughed.

“Babe, what about my fun?” Sapnap asked back. George peeked from around the corner of the building, seeing Dream smirking at Sapnap.

“You know I’m not just going to lose.”

Sapnap sighed shaking his head. “You just did though?” At that George smirked, unable to help himself before raising his gun and shooting Dream, cheering loudly at Dream’s shocked expression.

Sapnap turned, also surprised before giving him a dangerous smirk. “Go have your fun.” Dream said, already turning back to walk towards the exit while George went off running.

“Oh George~ Come back here.” Sapnap drawled from behind, the brunet hearing fast footsteps that were gaining slowly on him.

George ducked into one of the buildings, weaving through it and popping out of the back into the tree and bush area.

“George, you are delaying the inevitable here.” Sapnap said with assured confidence, something that made George’s skin prickle in a way he wasn’t sure was fear or attraction.

“Oh yeah?” He called from behind a tree, gripping the laser gun and holding the trigger, ready to turn around and try to shoot him, although George wasn’t certain he was faster than the other. Suddenly, a plan came to mind, even if it was a bit devious.

“We obviously. I’m going to win because I’m better than you.” Sapnap said, and fuck George wanted to see the toothy smirk that he knew the other would have. “I haven’t been hit once tonight George, you’ve been dinged twice haven’t you?” George noted that he sounded closer than before, and his window was closing, he had to time this right to win.

“That doesn’t always mean you’re better, it could just mean you are lucky.” George rebutted, now able to hear the sound of sneakers on the ground.

“George, luck has nothing to do with that.” Sapnap’s voice was confident and low, sending more chills up his spines at how intense both Sapnap and Dream got when they were being competitive. *They don’t know I’m the same way though...And I’m not afraid to fight dirty.* George thought, waiting only a heartbeat before he spun around the tree, reaching out with his left hand. George recognized he was lucky that he had grabbed onto Sapnap’s right hand, jostling his arm enough to stop the quick fire Sapnap attempted from hitting his vest. With no time to spare, George offered Sapnap the sweetest smile he could, pleasantly surprised at the confused look and light blush the tanned boy had, before pulling the other flush to him and pressing their lips together hard. Sapnap gasped, surprised by the forwardness, only now sensing a ploy. *Too late.* George thought, letting his teeth catch on Sapnap’s bottom lip before hitting the trigger of his gun with his still free right hand, pulling away with a laugh as the vest lit up and crossed with an x, showing Sapnap was out.

Sapnap’s dark eyes flit between arousal, betrayal, and wonder. “Wha-what the fuck was that George?” He finally bit out, catching the others wrist when he tried to pull away.

George just grinned, the action smug. “Me winning after playing you.” Then he paused, not refraining from the next words that came to mind. “You know, I wouldn’t have won if you didn’t count me out so early. I’m just as competitive as you guys are, y’know.”

Sapnap blinked before a warm smile that made George’s stomach start to twist crossed his face. “You’re right... but you still played dirty too.” Sapnap said before letting the brunet’s wrist go.

George laughed. “But I still won.” He taunted before turning to walk back towards the exit with Sapnap. George wasn’t afraid to admit how much satisfaction he got seeing everybody’s shock when they saw his vest was the one still lit up.

“What happened Sapnap?” Dream asked, curious. Sapnap’s eyes promised a fuller story later, but in front of everybody he groaned, shaking his head.

“He has a better trigger finger than me I guess.” Sapnap offered, the explanation being more than enough to satisfy everybody’s curiosity. At that point, their reserved hour was up, but Skeppy offered to take everybody out for pizza at Bad’s insistence.

George leaned against the booth they had chosen, pressed against the wall while listening to Bad talk about how he had just gotten a new laptop. “It’s got an amazing processor, I hardly have any lag when I try to run my codes for class anymore!” He gushed excitedly.

“That’s awesome Bad! I’m glad you got yourself a better laptop.” Sapnap said, beaming at his good friend. At that, Bad softened a bit.

“Actually, Skeppy got it for me.” He admitted and the whole table got to watch the barest hints of a blush reach the mentioned boy’s ears.

“Wow Skep, wanna spot me a computer next?” Dream asked lazily, offering the other a knowing smirk that was brushed off with a scoff.

“You guys don’t live with him, I got him the computer because he would be up all night making sure the code was still running... and let me tell you, a tired Bad is not the most fun to deal with.” He explained hurriedly before taking a quick bite of pizza to avoid Bad’s chastisement.

“I’m glad you got a better system Bad, I know how much you needed one.” George said supportively, finishing off his slice of pizza and considering reaching for another.

“How is yours holding up George?” Bad asked innocently. George deflated briefly before smiling

skittishly.

“She decided to kick the bucket last night, I’m going to be at the library more often now.” He said simply, feeling bad at the sudden hit the mood took. “It’s not that bad, I’ll be able to find a replacement one after the semester ends and people start selling their laptops.” George reassured, pointedly ignoring two pairs of eyes that he knew were staring at him suspiciously.

Bad smiled uncertainty. “That’s true, everybody is in such a rush to sell their old stuff around the winter break to make space for new stuff for Christmas.” Bad said, bringing the mood back up. George smiled thankfully at his friend, deciding to take another slice of the pizza. Before long the whole pie was gone, and they all were crowded around the entrance of the business discussing plans to hang out again.

“I’ll be busy all week next week, but I’ll always be down to hang out in a discord channel if you guys want.” George offered, knowing that working from the campus library would be eating up more of his time than he wanted.

“We’ll call then, you shut in.” Skeppy teased with a friendly smile. “We’ll see you guys later.”

“I couldn’t happen to bother you for a ride home could I?” George asked the pair, knowing they would say yes.

“I dunno, that’s a bit of a long drive there George.” Dream teased with a playful smile before he turned around. “But I guess we could.”

“So cold.” The brunet teased back, following them to their car in the small side parking lot. “Thank you.”

Sapnap tossed him an amicable grin. “I mean you live 5 minutes away, surely you didn’t think we’d say no?”

George shrugged passively as he sat in the backseat, noting that Sapap was driving again. “I guess not, but it’s still good to thank people for doing favors isn’t it?” George hated that he couldn’t help the low inflection that snuck in at the end. It clearly struck a chord as Sapnap sent him a withering look in the rear view mirror.

“Down boy.” At that George snickered.

“Not my kink, but message heard.” They all shared a laugh and the ride passed in comfortable silence.

“You know you can come over and do your work at our place. We have that spare computer you used when we were playing Minecraft.” Dream suddenly offered, surprising even Sapnap.

“What?” George asked.

“You don’t have to, but I figured it would be easier for you to get to and use than the university library.” Dream clarified, now blushing a bit.

“I-” George stopped, unable to help the smile on his face. “Thanks... I would be doing work though, not the other stuff we’ve been doing.”

Sapnap barely held back a smug smile at George’s description of their dynamic. “We know, George. It’s an offer for you to have a place to work that is close to your place, and is hopefully a comfortable environment. You don’t have to accept it, though, if it makes you uncomfortable.”

George felt his chest clench and strings pulling at his heart, wanting to pull apart stitches he used to patch himself back together. "Thank you guys... When--"

"One of us is always home, so whenever you want to come over is fine." Sapnap answered, smirking now at the other who was silent. "Predictable."

George flushed in embarrassment, scoffing halfheartedly. "Whatever."

They pulled into George's apartment, George reluctantly pulling his seat-belt off. "Hey George?" Dream called, making George turn around, only having a moment to notice how close Dream's face was before a soft kiss was placed on his lips. George's cheeks lit up a bright red as the blond pulled away with a grin. "I'll see you in the morning. Do you want us to pick you up?"

George shook his head, finding words quickly. "No, it's a short walk and it will help me wake up. Thank you though." George answered before getting a nod in return before he stepped out.

Sapnap smiled from the front seat, winking. "I already got my good night kiss. Get some rest George, we'll see you tomorrow." George sighed, but smiled at them while his stomach did flips.

"See you tomorrow."

George woke up with a start, sitting up in bed quickly as he clutched at his chest while breathing heavily. Slowly, too slowly, he started to remember where he was, and his hand dropped into his lap, trying to level his breathing.

I can't believe that still bothers me. He thought frustratedly, as if the incident hadn't reshaped his life and opinion on relationships, his hand curling into a fist before forcing himself to relax his muscles. *Why does it still bother me? It was years ago...* He hissed softly at himself, pushing his hand through his hair and away from his face.

He knew it had to do with his own weakness around Dream and Sapnap. The nightmares had finally stopped, only rising back up in the last few weeks as he became more familiar and comfortable around the pair. *My body's trying to remind me what happened the last time I gave somebody my heart.* He thought with a nauseating curl of his gut. George groaned and stood up, trying to ignore the shakiness in his legs before he sat back down on the bed, letting his feet rest on the cold floor that contrasted with the heat that filled his body with relief.

"I'm such an idiot." He murmured to himself for what had to have been the 500th time in the last few weeks. Realizing he wasn't going anywhere soon, he let himself go through the last few weeks, seeing if he could identify where things had truly started to spiral out of his control into where he was now.

He decided it was when he accepted their kind offer to use their computer for his schoolwork. Perhaps if he had said no and just spent the time at the school's library he wouldn't be here with weak knees and feelings that threatened to expel his stomach's contents first thing in the morning.

And miss those warm mornings? A stupid voice that was suspiciously close to his own asked, having gotten bolder with his growing affection for the boys. George still growled in irritation, opening his eyes to stare at the empty and cold room apartment, pushing away the stupid desire to be in Dream and Sapnap's bed, wrapped up between them and warm, not hot like he was now.

"Yes, even missing those mornings." He said aloud to nobody in particular. George didn't know if he believed the words, as soft and warm memories flooded his brain. A pair of hands offering him warm cups of coffee or hot chocolate while he worked early in the morning, those same hands

gliding through his hair approvingly while he worked in silence, the same hands that would pull him into gentle kisses when he would appease the pair by taking a break.

George tried to stand again, this time he was able to hold his own weight and he made his way to his bathroom, needing a shower. He could still see soft green and black eyes in his head, always filled with mirth and affection when they stared at him. Could still see the fire that burned when he did something to provoke them. Could still see how their eyes started to view him in the same light they looked at each other. George snapped out of his thoughts as his hand slammed into the shower wall, surprised to find that he had gotten himself into a shower, not sure how he could be so out of it to not have noticed.

“God damn it.” He cursed, forcing himself to be present as he rushed through his shower, not wanting to spend another moment stuck thinking about the pair that had gotten him so frayed at the edges.

George stepped out after feeling satisfied with how clean he was, grateful that he no longer was hot or sweaty from his nightmare, before dressing in loose and clean clothes.

As George waited for his coffee to brew, his thoughts began to stray back to the pair. They hadn’t held a scene in weeks, mostly because George was busy with school and preparing for his finals for classes. In some ways, George hated how patient and understanding that had been, wishing they had been more like former partners he’d been with in the past and moved on when he got busy. It certainly did no favors to the brunet, the stability he found in them was slowly chipping at the walls he couldn’t maintain around his heart anymore and causing cracks in his fortitude.

George was brought back when the teapot started to whistle, groaning while moving the hot vessel off the stove top and preparing his cup of coffee. He took slow and measured steps towards the small loveseat in the small sitting room, putting his feet on the couch before he finally pulled out his phone to check any messages.

Sapster

Hey Gogy, are we still good for tonight? :devil emoji::Pleading face emoji:

George stared at his phone in confusion before his phone, and apparently the universe, decided to remind him with a calendar alert that tonight was the day they had finally decided to do the scene they had agreed upon after the manhunt.

“What the actual fuck?” He asked in shock, surprised he had forgotten already. The brunet ran a hand through his hair nervously, staring at the text that had been sent over an hour ago now. Part of him didn’t want to scene today, shaken up by how scattered his thoughts had been all morning following a nightmare. George started to text Sappnap to request a slight rain check for tomorrow before he remembered tomorrow night wasn’t possible as Dream would be flying out Monday for a meeting with the tech company that wanted him to code the software for their new system, meaning it would be at least 4 more days.

He exhaled, the sound frustrated before taking a long sip of his coffee, ignoring the stray thought that insisted it wasn’t as good as when Dream made it. I don’t want to make them wait again... They’ve been waiting for weeks to go again. George knew without a doubt they wouldn’t mind if he asked for a rain check, hell Sappnap asking to verify was more than enough proof for that, but guilt pooled in his belly when he thought about asking after how much they had willingly done for him.

Maybe... maybe the reason I’m so stuck and scattered is it’s been too long since I’ve hit subspace. George thought haphazardly, the idea clicking incorrectly somewhere in his head. I should go tonight, and it could help me re-sort myself so I’m not blanking like this.

Gogy

Absolutely! :flushed emoji::stuck out tongue emoji: When should I come over?

George sighed, finding some hope at the end of a long tunnel he found himself in the last few weeks. "I'll be fine once I get the thoughts fucked out of me." He said, not truly believing in the words he said, but clinging to them as if they would save him from the sea of emotions that were ready to drown him.

Dream gave George a concerned look over as he came into the house, noting the dark bags under the Brit's eyes. "Hey Gogy." Dream greeted, forcing the concern off his face. "You look tired, something happen?"

George smiled reassuringly. "Ah I had a nightmare last night, something about a monster chasing me while screaming my name." George teased, grateful he had been practicing some lines once he realized he couldn't hide the bags under his eyes.

Dream hummed, not entirely convinced but learning long ago not to pry too much when George didn't go into specifics. "You sure you want to scene today still?" He asked carefully, watching the slightest pause in the other with great suspicion. "We can just relax tonight if you want. I know you've also been stressed from sch-" Dream was cut off as George grabbed his shirt and pulled him into a rough kiss. Dream smiled, thoroughly amused, as he grabbed George by the hips and pulled him closer.

"I want to scene, I'm a bit tired but I want you guys to fuck me." George mumbled against Dream's lips when they pulled apart, and Dream shivered, letting his hands tease the tips of George's hair.

"I can see that." Dream said, voice thick with amusement and lust. "I am going to need you to wait a few more minutes, Brat, Sapnap is just finishing up his call with the developers and then we can start."

George wanted to shout, the desire to brat out striking hot and fast to get what he wanted now nearly consuming him. He sighed softly, stepping back with a resigned look. "Yessir." he submitted for now, pleasantly rewarded with a fond smile that took another chip of his heart.

"Good boy." Dream then tugged at his hand, pulling him towards the couch with a devilish grin. George, even to the surprise of himself, allowed himself to be tugged along before straddling Dream's hips when the dirty blond sat down. "Want to play a game?" He asked playfully.

"Depends, how do I win?" George asked, their banter having improved and become more natural as they got to know each other over the last few weeks.

"I'm going to kiss you, and you win by being quiet so Sapnap's call isn't interrupted." Dream answered, lips already close to George's neck before pressing a single and soft kiss to the side.

"You're on." George answered as a slight shudder ran through his frame. He felt lips curl up at his neck before another kiss, now involving gentle teeth, grazed along the sensitive skin. George's skin went up in goosebumps, quickly moving his hands to rest on Dream's abdomen to hold himself in place.

"You are such a competitive Brat." Dream murmured fondly, George barely avoiding cringing as the emotion in the tone started to pluck at him.

"Shut up, you said kissing not talking." George hissed, grinding his hips against Dream's to provoke a response.

Dream growled against his neck, the noise half amused, before pulling the other into a rough kiss with teeth. "You are such a brat. Not another word or you lose." Dream warned, one hand moving to tangle into brunet hair and the other wrapping around the other's waist, bringing them flush together to prevent George from rolling his hips again.

George hummed in acquiescence, shuddering as lips returned to his neck, more aggressive with light nips and leaving small, light colored hickies dappled across his neck. This wouldn't be enough, nowhere close, but George was grateful for the distraction.

George bit his lip as a noise threatened to build deep within his chest as Dream made a positively savage bite at his collarbone, shivering at the pain that melted into pleasure. "You are such a little pain slut. I can't wait to see how hard you get when Sapnap pulls you apart." Dream purred, feeling the other starting to shake. He's so cute. Dream thought to himself, loving how he shook being called names. Dream pulled the other into a kiss, gentle unlike his fingers that pulled brown hair hard, smirking when George gasped against his lips.

"You guys couldn't even wait for me to get off my call?" Sapnap asked, leaning lazily against the entryway with a hungry look in dark eyes. "Hey Brat, you look cute and tired today." He said casually, smirking as George glared halfheartedly. "What's the look for?"

"He's very impatient today Sap." Dream supplied as George's tongue was thick and not cooperating. "He wanted to start the moment he walked through the door."

"Oh?" Sapnap asked, standing up straight. "We better not make him wait then." They shared a chuckle, George shuddering as he knew it would be a while before he came tonight.

"Hurry up." He hissed, eyes flashing in impatience. "Please." He added, it was only just enough for the pair to take a bit of pity on him.

"Stand up, you can walk today." Dream said, pulling the other off his lap with a brief slap to the other's ass to encourage George to move faster.

George followed Sapnap down the hall, as if he didn't already know where he was supposed to go. "Lay down on the bed on your back, okay?" Sapnap said, pressing his lips to George's forehead affectionately, the action churning George's insides. "Take your clothes off as well."

"Yes Sir." George said, quickly peeling his shirt and jeans off, lying in the bed with a moderate blush, feeling exposed. Dream walked into the room shortly after them, as he had turned off the other lights in the house and locked the doors. Dream gave a dismissive look to George before he pulled his own clothing off, knowing that only barely acknowledging the boy would make him squirm more before he got to him.

"George, what is your safeword?" Dream asked, hoping the boy would simply answer this time so they would be able to start without punishing him for being a brat.

"Red for stop, Yellow for slow down." George answered, perfectly submissive and needy. Dream couldn't help groaning, leaning down as he ripped off his jeans to catch pink lips into a kiss.

"You are so eager today, you aren't even fighting me." Dream said fondly, missing the spark of nervousness that went through George's eyes when he looked up to Sapnap with a grin.

"He really is." Sapnap agreed, leaning down to pull Dream into a kiss, the pair leaning into each other with soft moans before Sapnap pulled back with a grin to see the brunet pouting at him.

"Somebody is jealous~" he teased, extending out his hand to gently cup George's cheek, the action

burning across George's skin.

"Please." He whimpered softly, too in his head for where they were already and just wanting them to do more and push him out of his thoughts and feelings.

"Good boy." Sapnap praised while pulling George into a hot kiss, his thumb gently swiping across the brunet's cheek as he deepened the kiss, reveling in the shorter's submission.

"Please." George cried again, more needy this time. He felt like he was sinking, feeling all the passion and emotions Sapnap put into a kiss that was pulling apart George's seams.

"Be patient, we have all night George." Dream hummed, now taking the opportunity to pull George into another kiss that made the brunet's head spin deliciously. He whined into the kiss, reaching up to pull Dream closer as Sapnap gently spread his legs apart.

"George, Brat, I need you to lift your hips a bit here." Sapnap said, fingertips gently tapping on George's hip. "I need to put a small pillow underneath."

The brunet complied eagerly, wanting more and more until he couldn't think anymore. The raven nipped at his thighs lightly, a small reward for the masochist who was listening so well, quickly putting a small pillow underneath so George's hips were raised slightly.

"He's so good today." Sapnap mumbled in approval while smirking against George's thighs, enjoying every tremble as the boy waited for him to do something. Finally the tanned boy took some pity on the brunet, gently nipping a small patch of skin before biting it harshly, moaning as George yelped from the sudden action. Sapnap sucked a dark bruise into the skin, leaning back and admiring George's red complexion. "So pretty~" he cooed with a smirk once the other squirmed.

"Sapnap..." George tried to whine before his lips were captured by Dream once again, teeth pulling at his bottom lip insistently and driving him up a wall as Sapnap made another bruise on his thigh. finally. George thought with bliss as he started to pull himself out of his mind. George moaned as Dream pinched his sides hard, squirming again.

"Brat, you need to stay still." George's breath caught at the mixed tones in the blond's voice, affectionate and teasing, pushing him back down into dangerous waters. "Sapnap's going to start prepping you now so you need to be good and stay still."

George whimpered futilely, stilling himself with great effort as he felt a slick finger start to teasingly rub over his hole. He whined deep in his throat as it started to press in before pulling out and resuming the same teasing. "More please." He asked, looking at the pair with shiny eyes.

Dream smirked devilishly, letting his mouth return to George's neck, kissing a light bruise where he had bitten down earlier. "Please who?"

"Sir~" Dream grinned in approval, kissing his neck softly again, near George's collarbone this time.

"Slut." He murmured, delighted by the other's submission as he begged to be wrecked. Dream trailed his hands down George's sides, fingertips gliding above twitching skin, before rubbing circles into the space above the whining boy's cock, just to watch him writhe. "Stop moving."

George was spinning, tossed between drowning and being pulled out by the thinnest it strands with every word and action. "Yessir." He stammered, chest rising and falling as he panted with need. A chaste kiss was pressed to the corner of his mouth, moaning softly at the tenderness that he hated

and craved at the same time. *I don't wanna think hurry please, please.* he thought silently, helplessly.

A loud keen ripped free from his chest as Sapnap finally pressed a finger in, clenching down as thumbs rubbed down into his hips. "Relax, let me in George." Sapnap said softly into the crux of his thighs, placing another kiss lined with gentle teeth. The Brit forced himself to relax, shuddering with effort as gentle words settled over his body. "Good boy." George was definitely drowning, the touches were too soft and not enough, they were sucking him down into a sea of his emotions that he wanted gone, that he wanted to avoid yet they were trapping him there with every gentle touch and word steeped in adoration.

"Fuck." He breathed out as a finger rubbed against his walls, slowly pumping in and out with deliberate intent to make him beg for more. Before George could open his bruised lips to ask, he nearly cried as Dream's hands, surprisingly soft, wrapped loosely around his cock and gave a few pumps. "Oh my god." The sound hoarse already, eyes watering as pleasure and emotions ripped against each other.

"I'll keep going as long as you stay still, but the moment you move my hand stops." Dream warned in his ear, voice husky. "Be a good whore and stay still for me." George nodded quickly, feeling the touch pull at the edges of him and clinging to it as a lifeline. Another kiss pressed to his temple and thighs as both hands moved slowly, driving him up a wall as he wanted more and more.

"You're so good for us Georgie." Sapnap mumbled between his thighs, George looking up to meet black eyes that were hungry enough to swallow him whole. "Such a good boy." George couldn't ignore the warmth in his tone, the fondness and emotion that teased at the edges of Sapnap's expression, all of it smothering him as his mouth moved without his volition.

"Please, I need it." He begged, voice soft as if begging too loud would shatter him.

"Louder, I can't hear you." Sapnap taunted, pulling his finger out to tease the other once again, now with two fingers while peppering kisses and grazing his teeth along pale, shaking thighs.

George gasped, biting his lip and tipping his head back in pleasure as his eyes shut. "I can't, please I need more please." He tried again, feeling his voice crack halfway through when Dream flicked his wrist on one stroke.

"You won't get anything more until you ask, Brat." Dream hummed with sadistic delight. "And make sure you look at Sapnap when you ask, unless you want to do it again."

George panted for air, cheeks burning as he forcefully pushed his pride away. "Please, Sapnap." He started louder than before, looking into molten black eyes while sly green ones watched. "Please, Sir. I need more... I need another finger."

Sapnap smirked in triumph, closing his eyes in bliss before giving George a harsh bite on the thought that sent the other writhing again. "Such a good boy. You are such a good little slut for us aren't you?" Sapnap crooned, his tone sending George into a frenzy as the brunet moaned lewdly.

"Yes so good please sir please?" He begged.

Dream leaned down, pressing his lips firmly against the brunet as Sapnap inserted another finger. George arched his back and moaned into the other's mouth obscenely, the sound cutting off into a whimper as Dream removed his hand from around his cock.

"You were being so good too." Dream said mockingly, the cruel smile still in place as he stared at

George. "But now you have to wait and be good if you want me to touch you again." Dream shivered at the needy whimper that George released, eyes already wet and wild with need and desire.

"Please? I'll be good I'm sorry, please don't stop." George begged frantically, so close to being able to let go when he stopped. Dream shook his head as Sapnap laughed, crooking his fingers and spreading them to elicit another erotic moan from the begging boy.

"Too late, little Brat." Dream said almost sympathetically, leaning in to start working at George's neck with vigor, teeth scraping against sensitive skin teasingly or being punctuated by vicious bites that caused a chorus of moans and crude begging to fall from plump lips. George was swimming, no longer close to floating as teeth wore him down and fingers pulled him apart, bliss and anxiety in every thrust making him more sensitive and hyper aware of every noise that fell from his lips.

Sapnap finally pressed his fingers slowly and teasingly over George's prostate, moaning low in his throat at the scream that the Brit released, but still keeping his hips on the pillow with a shudder. "Slut." Dream hissed into the others ear, dragging sharp teeth along the others earlobe with the fond insult. George's breath hitched as Dream said the words he had heard before from both the blond himself and others, a bitter taste filled his mouth as they sunk in, warmer and more tender than he was used to.

George squirmed and writhed, dry sobbing as he writhed on the bed, now fully submerged in his thoughts and feelings that only became more loud and stronger the more they touched him gently, the more harsh words that fell too softly from their mouths. He wanted more, he tried to beg for more, but the words continued to get stuck in his mouth and come out as pathetic whines while his body burned for more stimulation to pull him out of murky water he had choked on years prior. Without the words to beg prettily and only whimper, he was stuck, stuck here in his head and thoughts. Hearing Dream's voice run over him again and again. "Slut, whore" the words intended to be mean but they were too kind now, there was fondness he couldn't ignore anymore and it was burning him apart. He felt like he couldn't breath and fuck he just wanted more he didn't want to be stuck in his thoughts and emotions he wanted them fucked out an-

"George? Color?" Sapnap asked gently once he noticed the other had gone nonverbal, and George could have screamed in blissful anger. He needed more, he couldn't stop right now or he would lose it in front of them, the hell he was stuck in would be better than stopping and being forced to face them and their soft gazes without the benefit of flying high to conceal himself.

Even still, George knew he should have safe-worded, that not doing so would hurt him more in the long run, he knew they wouldn't push for information after even if he lost himself, but as he stared through blurry eyes to meet concerned eyes his heart tightened and anger rolled through him, self loathing breaking the seams of his own self preservation as the last of his walls burned down, leaving him raw and exposed if anything were to happen to him.

"Green, please don't stop." He moaned out, knowing he was wrong and knowing that he should stop but he couldn't, they could pull him out of the pit in his stomach and drive him back above it all if he waited, all he had to do was wait and linger in this madness and pray he would make it through unscathed.

Sapnap considered him carefully before humming against the boy's thigh, pressing more kisses along sensitive skin as Dream finally reached down to start stroking the Brit in time with the blond's own nips to the boy's collarbone.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Sapnap pressed his fingers into George's prostate, the pressure light at first and making the other whimper beautifully before he started to press more firmly, snaking a

hand up to pin his hips down and forcing him to accept the pressure until he sobbed, eyes swimming with tears before Sapnap released the pressure, watching those eyes close.

“Fuck, please again Sir again so good please.” Sapnap was in awe of how soft and submissive the boy was being for them, at how eagerly he was begging for them.

“What a fucking whore.” Dream moaned out, pulling off the boy's neck to kiss him, one hand tangling into sweaty brown hair and tugging, eliciting a whimper.

“A good whore.” Sapnap agreed, feeling gut punched but how wrecked the boy was, tempted to keep him there for hours but knowing that would be too much for the first time. Instead he dragged his finger across the other's prostate, feeling the boy try to lift his hips again while his cock leaked profusely at the stimulation. Sapnap repeated the motion and shuddered when the other cried erotically when he pulled away from Dream's mouth to tip his head back and breath hard.

Sapnap couldn't help but stare fondly at George, taking in all the small love bites that adorned his pale neck and thighs. Admiring the red flush that went as far up as the boy's ears, coating his cheeks a delicious pink, and as far down to his shoulders. The tears brown eyes that were screaming and begging for more as lovely, whorish moans fell from bruised lips. Sapnap knew the boy was handsome, that's why he pointed him out the first time he saw George in that bar that felt forever ago. But here, on the cusp of madness, he was beautiful. Here, he was theirs.

“Our brat.” Sapnap breathed, unable to help voicing his thoughts aloud softly. George stopped cold at the words, going rigid and soft moans stopping. Sapnap had found the words sweet in his mouth until he heard a truly mournful sob escape the brunet's lips, George's hands reaching up to cover his face as another shake wracked his frame.

“Red.” He mumbled softly at first. “Red red red please stop red move stop red please.” The words came out faster, panicked, hurt.

The pair immediately stopped, Sapnap quickly removed his fingers as Dream pulled away from the boy's neck and released his grip in the boy's hair to lean back and check in. George, as soon as he was free, pushed himself away from the pair until his back in the bed frame where he stopped, trying to pull himself together but everything was already ruined and it was his fault. George hiccuped as he went back to covering his face as shameful tears poured down his face, sobs wracking his body as he felt everything in the last few weeks crash down around him.

Dream starred in mild horror, guilt gnawing his stomach at the sight of the proud boy sobbing painfully into his hands, not even looking at them while his body shook. Dream went to reach out to touch him, George flinching harshly at the contact and breaking Dream's heart.

“What happened George?” Sapnap started gently, inching closer to the boy but not touching after seeing how violent the response Dream got.

“I'm an idiot.” He sobbed heartbreakingly, and the boys longed to pull him into an embrace.

“You're not a-“

“You don't understand!” He cried, finally looking up at the pair with splotchy cheeks and swollen eyes. “You don't understand...”

“Explain it to us then George.” Dream tried softly. “Was it the scene?”

“No.” He finally answered quietly. “No the scene was fine, I'm sorry I fucked it up and sa-“

“George, don’t you dare apologize for safe-wording.” Sapnap said, voice thick with emotion that he wrestled with to control. “What happened? Please, we-“ he swallowed and shared a look with Dream. “We care about you a lot and-“ Sapnap cut off as another wet sob ripped out of George’s throat, a pained expression crossing his face.

“Stop saying things like that please!” He begged, covering his face as he felt the pair stared at him in confusion and concern, their gazes burning into him and adding to the personal shame and anger he had at himself for being so stupid and weak.

“George-“

“Just... just stop.” Like that all the fight and fire left, acceptance that he was going to lose this and two more people he could truly see himself loving zapping the last of his energy away. George took shaky breaths, none of them able to really fill his lungs, as he held his face, unable to look at the pair.

“Please, George. Talk to us.” Dream said with uncharacteristic weakness, his pitch high and sad. George felt a new stab of guilt at the hurt he had caused, was causing, the pair before looking up into scared green eyes with matching black ones just to his right.

“I- I don’t want to...” he said weakly, letting his arms wrap around himself loosely.

Sapnap pressed his lips together in disapproval and distress, but Dream was the one who spoke. “Ca-can we hold you?” Dream sounded so soft, so caring and so worried it made him want to cry again. *Why do they care so much? I don’t want to be hurting over me.* George nodded and was immediately pulled across Dream’s lap, feeling Sapnap sliding in to help cradle him between the pair, their actions so quick and needy, *they needed him too*, at that he did give another soft sob, but out of tears as he clung to them, not noticing their own faces start to fall hearing the sound.

The trio remained like that for a while, the only sounds being George’s sobs while Sapnap rubbed his back gently as Dream ran fingers through his hair. George didn’t want to talk about any of the hurt he had been carrying with him, but after fucking up so bad George felt obligated to.

“It’s not your fault.” He whispered, feeling the pair tense as he started speaking. “You guys... you both are so...” he cut himself off as his throat constricted. “I can’t help but want to be so close to you both... but I can’t let myself be close to anybody anymore.”

“George...” Sapnap started, looking for the right words. “Why?”

“Everybody leaves...” He took a deep breath, grateful that they stayed silent long enough to continue. “My parents died when I was 15 years old.” George said, the familiar ache filling his chest as he spoke about his parents. “Somebody decided the money in their wallet was worth their lives when they were out on a date one night.” He exhaled softly, tickling Dream’s neck. “They loved me so much, and in a moment they were gone, I never would see them again.” His voice took on a soft timbre. Dream went to say some sort of condolences, but George shook his head, knowing if he stopped he wouldn’t be able to finish. He owed them that much.

“I was lucky, luckier than a few at least. I was sent to a foster home. They were nice people, they gave me my own room instead of having me share- I guess it was their way of trying to give me space to process what happened... they were never cruel or mean. I really was so lucky for them...” his voice tightened as he stumbled to say the next bit, “But they never really loved me... how could they, I was some dumb teenager who lost his parents and didn’t want to be close to anybody after that, how could they love me? They took care of me and that should have been enough...” brown eyes shone with tears. “I wanted them to love me, I wanted to know I had at least

one person in this world who loved me..." Dream's hand in his hair stopped, he could feel the others hand shaking as Sapnap's rubs became less steady.

"I grew up and moved on, as much as I could at least. I ended up starting at a community college in computer science. I met a girl there, in my first class." George sighed. "She was kind and pretty, it doesn't get much better than that when you're 18, right?" He gave a pitiful laugh. "She was the person who showed me bdsm. I wasn't what she wanted me to be though, she wanted somebody to dominate her and...well." He shrugged minutely. "I'm clearly not that- I tried for her. I thought I might have loved her, and maybe she could love me too." His voice broke at the end. "We dated for 4 months before she broke up with me over text, she waited until classes were over so she wouldn't have to see me again...."

"George, I-

"Please, if I stop I won't be able to finish." He pleaded as Sapnap tried to cut in. The other was shaking, and he couldn't tell if it was in anger or sadness, but the tanned boy exhaled, the sound shaky and hurt, and allowed George to continue.

"I stopped looking to date after that, I mean what a hard blow to take over text... it was a few months later I met..." the name was still bitter in his mouth. "Clark." He spat out. "He started off as a nice guy, he wasn't terribly kinky and just preferred dominating somebody who enjoyed telling him no, or teasing him. It worked well for us, I was too afraid back then to trust him with anything new and he was looking for a hole." Dream growled lowly, and George sighed, nuzzling the others neck affectionately, not bothering to hold back on any of the touches he had been wanting to do or lean into anymore. "We went longer than Jenna, we made it almost a year..." George struggled to find the next words as his chest tightened, and he felt arms pulled him impossibly closer.

"Take your time." Sapnap mumbled in his ear, gentle and kind as the brunet set to loosen the knot in his throat.

*"I... I loved him. I thought he took care of me, he bought me dinners, little things, we went on dates. How could I not, I felt like somebody, *somebody*, loved me again. I was so happy." The pain was still fresh in his heart. "It's stupid, he left his phone open on the table and I grabbed it on accident, my phone was right next to his." George sniffed. "He was cheating on me... telling somebody else he loved them. Telling them how *awful* I was." George bit his lips as his nails dug into Dream's shoulders. "He said I was so needy, that I was high maintenance because of my parents and because I was a foster kid... I just wanted love. He was going to leave me for them." Tears bubbled back to the surface as his pitch went higher as he grew more upset. "I- I couldn't let somebody do that to me again. I broke up with him, and he was so angry..."*

"Did he-"

"No. He didn't hit me or touch me. He called me names, threatened me, but he didn't touch me. I left right after... I still don't know if I'm glad I saw his phone or not. It hurts, knowing he was cheating on me, but it hurts worse knowing he didn't really care for me as a person, and was so ready to leave me." George closed his eyes, savoring this moment where he had both of them still, where they cared and held him, already missing when it would be done and they would leave him too because he was too damaged, too needy.

"So I told myself I wouldn't give my heart to anybody again. They could have my body, because I was having theirs too. They could help me keep my thoughts away, and I could keep my heart as it was." He bit his lips and laughed humorously. "You guys are the first people I couldn't do that with... you guys are just... too nice to me." At this he let the last of his tears fall, thin streams

trickling down his cheeks weakly. "You check in on me all the time, you both look at me like you care, you know all my buttons without trying, and you even make yourself sound like you care and-" he sobbed, cutting himself off. "I can't help but want to open up to you guys but it's all-"

"Shut up now idiot." Dream sounded heartbroken and George stopped short, breathing heavily against a chest he realized now was also heaving and straining. "Just shut up for a minute... please."

"I'm sorry." He whispered and Sapnap made a choked sound in his ears.

"What on earth do you have to apologize for?" Sapnap asked, voice rough and George felt water drip into his hair and on his shoulder, realizing with a painful pang they were crying.

"I made you guys cry..." he said softly in disbelief. To his surprise, Sapnap growled angrily and twisted to look at George, black eyes angry and sad and hurt.

"You are such a-" he stopped, wiping his face with a hiss. "George, stop apologizing and blaming yourself." He said, voice deep with emotion. "I- I hate hearing you talk like that, like it was your fault people in your life failed you. Like you were the person who cheated, who did wrong things." He stopped to try and compose himself, unable to help the angry and bitter sob they fell from his lips. Dream quickly reached out, wrapping his arms around both of them, shaking just as bad. "George, you did nothing wrong. Nothing."

"B-but you guys-"

"We fucking care about you George." Dream said, pitch high. "Jesus Christ you-" he stopped, burying his face in brown hair, breathing hard. "I don't know how I can explain how much I want to go and fight every person in your life who ever hurt you. George, hunny-" George hiccuped as his emotions welled and pushed, making him want to explode at the sudden rush. "We... we really care about you. We want you, we want to date you."

"We want to love you George." George sobbed seeing how genuine those words were from Sapnap, who reached out carefully as if he were a wild animal and cupped his cheek. "I... we already do."

"Stop." The words were weak and bitter in his mouth, utterly false as he grabbed onto Dream tighter while leaning into Sapnap's hand with a soft noise. "I-"

"Please." They said at once, fragile.

"I can't... I don't-" he couldn't find the words, he wanted them so bad and they wanted him and he could have them why was he standing in his own way. "I-"

"You don't have to open yourself to us George, just let us... just let us love you please."

"You still don't understand." George whispered, and he could see the distress on the others faces. The brunet reached one hand out towards Sapnap, covering the hand on his face. "I already have, that's why I'm scared." He closed his eyes, the tension in his chest threatening to make him throw up. "I'm so scared to lose this, to lose you guys because I'm so greedy and want too much."

Sapnap smiled, unable to help the tear that trickled out when he laughed. "You aren't greedy, that Clack guy, whoever he is, was wrong."

Dream hummed in agreement. "He was an idiot to think you were. It's not bad to want love, to want to be loved."

The brunet shivered, he hadn't felt so warm in so long, felt so safe and loved in so long. He forced himself to push the bits of anxiety that warned him this would pass one day, enjoying the moment he had found himself in by some miracle.

"I'm tired." We're the next words out of his mouth, feeling rubbed raw physically and emotionally. "But I don't want to move... is that gross?"

The pair of them laughed softly, all three sounding worn out now. "A bit, but that's what morning showers are for." Dream finally said, and gingerly unwrapping his arms from around the other two.

"I'm going to move a few of the things we have out and grab you some pj pants George, I'll be right back." Sapnap said, standing up delicately and wiping at his own tearstained face while Dream rolled to the free side of the bed, tugging George along with him so Sapnap could move the pillows and lube from that side off.

George was still in shock, and even a bit numb, from what had happened. Part of him worried if he pinched himself hard enough he would wake up and all this would have been a fantasy. "You guys are so good to me." He murmured again, seeing sad green eyes flash fondly.

"I love you too." He said easily, making George feel a bit jealous with the ease he said it, before pressing a gentle kiss to the Brits forehead. George blushed, the action nearly making his head spin, before leaning over enough to kiss Dream chastely.

"George..." Sapnap whined, flicking the room lights off while he was by the doorway and there being just enough light from the moon to illuminate the bedroom to show he already had a black pair of pants on. "I want kissies too." He said, trying to sound more relaxed than he felt.

George smiled sadly, still feeling melancholy before extending a hand out to the other. "Then come here." He said softly, missing the warmth in Sapnap's eyes due to the dark room. The tanned boy crawled into bed, handing each of them a pair of pants for them to hurriedly shuffle on in eagerness to sleep. George then let his hand cup Sapnap's jaw delicately, almost afraid to touch him, before kissing him just as chastely.

"I love you." Sapnap said quietly, wrapping his arms around George and twining his fingers on either hand with one of them.

"Go to sleep." George muttered gently, curling into one of them and feeling the other wrap around, warm and safe and...

Home. His brain supplied as he fell asleep with a soft smile.

End Notes

I want to start by saying you should never do what George did. Its not safe to not only do scenes with that type of emotional baggage when it is affecting you so much you are not able to remember/recognize what you are doing. The whole idea of fuck the emotions out of people is bad and I am not seeking to glorify it. Additionally, if you want to safeword, do it. Don't push yourself through a scene for yourself or anybody else. Its important to practice Safe and Sane bdsm.

Second, your partner is not your therapist and is not there to fix your issues. Similarly, you are not there to fix their issues either. I'm not sure when the next installment will come out for this series, but Dream and Sapnap do not fix George with loving him, and George's attachment issues and feelings about love do not change overnight. He will be getting therapy and learning to work through his trauma in a safer and healthier way than he was. In fact the whole not safewording or *communicating* effectively with Dream and Sapnap is going to cause a trust issue between them all because it's such an unsafe and bad thing to do, especially when sceneing.

Alright, I'm done with my soapbox. I hope you guys enjoyed the chapter, I cried while writing it. I just checked the word count for this series and it's pretty damn close to 50,000 so I'm probably going to take a break for a while.

Thanks to all the people who took time to read, give kudos and comment on my stories, since this is my first time posting in years they all mean the world so thank you so much.
<3

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